THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 37.

Boston, Saturday, January 10, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 61.

"*Take physic, pomp!*"

So various are the abuses of prosperity, so multiplied the infirmities of the affluent, that we every day have more or less occasion to exclaim, "*Take physic, pomp!*" The sick are not confined to chambers. At the corners of streets and on the sofas of parlours, in boxes at the theatre and on the benches of the ball-room, "he, that can med'cine to the mind diseased," may find patients innumerable, that will keep him in practice as long as he lives.

Who art thou, that darest vaunt thyself in the face of heaven, and what is the cause of thy vaunting? Art thou the owner of immense tracts of territory; further than the eye can reach do thy possessions extend? What then? The grave is all thou art heir to, and the worms will dispute with thee the possession of that. Thou art at best merely tenant at sufferance of any one particle of that earth, over which thou pretendest title. Shame burn thy proud heart to cinders! "*Take physic, pomp!*" Look from the windows of thy splendid mansion to the house appointed for all living. One knock of Death at thy door would operate like electricity and shock thee into feeling.

What cause for pomp has "poor human nature?" Is it wealth? We are in this house but a moment. Can it be cause of self-gratulation to monopolize every thing, when we can carry out of it nothing? Is it *strength?* An insect can sting it away. Is it *beauty?* A sun-beam or dew-drop may in a moment destroy it. Is it *wit?* "Alas, poor Yorick!" Is it *wisdom?* "The wisest" was the meanest of mankind. "*Take physic, pomp!*" Go to philosophy and follow her prescription! Drink deep of self-knowledge. It is a bitter drug. It must kill or cure. But either saves us.

But Shakespeare by pomp meant wealth and truly wealth and pomp are nearly synonimous. There is a pride of purse that is pitiful. It prevails no where so universally and in so great a degree as in this metropolis. We have but few among the opulent, that can take merit by the hand and lead it forward in life. All that seems here to give rank, is wealth; and yet the distinctions of society, are as rigidly regarded as if they had better foundation. The formalities of etiquette are as punctiliously observed, as if they were tests of worth, or criterions of understanding. Talent is no ticket of admission to genteel company. In the circles of the affluent juvenile merit can find no patron. Any one there would be ashamed to countenance worth that was poor.

A smile would be condescension and notice disgraceful. A frigid superciliousness of deportment damps the ardor of genius and checks the aspirations of laudable ambition. This is the curse, that attends a commercial people. The circulating medium becomes a standard to test not only the value of materials, but the value of men. Where wealth is the only distinction, men make it their only object, and to obtain it, think nothing a sacrifice. Since riches alone sanctify and make honorable, without regard to the means of aequiring them, it should excite no wonder, that men are so prone to keep constantly in view the end, with as little regard to the means. Thus, the love of wealth approximates the love of fame, till it creates a sordid contempt for what is in truth the first born of this nobler passion. The merchant despises the man, whose horizon is not confined to the walls of his counting room. He considers literary ambition a disgrace, and shuns the imputation of literary excellence, as reproachful. So true is this, that a young gentleman in trade, that would indulge literary propensities, is driven to countless shifts and expedients to save his credit. If he write, he must write by stealth. If he advance an opinion on any general topic, he takes care that it is out of the hearing of his bustling companions on 'Change, who know no other figure, than an arithmetical sign, and never came to any other result, than the foot of their account. From this last charge a few should be excepted. But age has given firmness to their nerves and a hardihood to their characters. Even these, however, are not exempt from the odium consequent on the truth of the first. "*Take physic, pomp!*" Thy vision is obscured. Purge it with euphrasy. Let the scales fall from thy eyes, that thou mayest see merit, and when once seen, for the honor of humanity, cease to say, "I know thee not."

When I see a man of pride, with icicles on his brow, send a beggar, that asks alms, to the work house, "for the Select-men have provided for you;" I pass him in scorn. Hast thou so much pride, and canst show no sympathy for her, that has little? "*Take physic, pomp!*" There, grandmother, is enough to get thee a dinner. Abundance should administer to indigence. Ye, that abound in superfluities, remember there are those, that want necessaries.

"Shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.!"

See that affluent despoiler of female innocence! He has just set out in his career of crime, as yet a noviciate in fashionable iniquity. "*Take*" —— what?

"Not poppy nor mandagora,
Nor all the drowsy syrrups of the least,
Can ever med'cine him to that sweet sleep,
Which he had yesternight."

There are many infirmities of the affluent, to which medicine should be gratuitously administered. But the Wanderer is already weary of his ramble, and can visit patients no longer. To cure all the follies of pomp belongs only to "The physician of value." The attempt by man would be hopeless. No drug-shop could afford antidotes enough for the poisons.

BIOGRAPHY.

Some account of Vincent de Paul, the founder of several charitable institutions.

VINCENT DE PAUL was born 1576, in a village near the Pyrenees. He

was educated at a monastery in the same village, and distinguished himself by a solicitude for the sick and indigent of his parish, and by a zealous desire of being employed in the distribution of the bread and meat which were given by the Prior to the poor.

Having completed his studies and taken priest's orders, he was invited bya gentleman at Marseilles to accompany him in a coasting voyage. Vincent embarked with his friend on the 22d of July: in this month, at Beaucaire, a town in the Lower Languedoc, is held a celebrated fair: the tents are erected along the side of the Rhone, and form a most picturesque view. The Gulf of Lions, during the season of the fair, is commonly infested with Turkish pirates: our voyagers were unfornately taken and carried to Tunis, where Vincent was sold to a fisherman; but his ill health inducing his master to part with him, he was bought by an elderly man in affluent circumstances, who led a retired life in the country,and devoted himself to chemistry: this was a situation more suitable toVincent,who having some knowledge of that science, became the favourite of the learned Mahometan. A short time elasped,when Vincent had the misfortune to lose his indulgent master, who died in his journey to Constantinople, and, as Vincent informs us, partly of grief, in being obliged to relinquish his beautiful rural retreat and scientific pursuits, to amuse with his experiments the indolent hours of Achmet the First. Vincent now became the property of his late master's nephew, who immediately sold him to a Piedmontese who turned Mahometan, and who farmed a tract of land belonging to the Grand Signior. These farms are called temats. Vincent says, the temat occupied by his new proprietor was a barren mountain, the cultivation of which was consigned to the labour of slaves. The wife of this apostate happening to approach the spot where Vincent was at work, and who was soothing his solitary labour with singing, she asked him what was the subject of his song; he replyed, it was a hymn to Christ, a *noel*, or what we call a Christmas carol: she observed that her husband was once a believer in Christ, but that the holy Prophet had breathed into his mind a more sublime belief. The zeal of Vincent was immediately kindled, and finding she understood the French language, he delineated with an eloquent fervour the character of the Christian doctrine. The fair Mahometan seemed powerfully affected with what she heard, and, returning to her husband, reproached him for relinquishing a religion which appeared so amiable, and which seemed so happily adapted to the incitement of every virtue: "If you have forgot," she said, "all its holy injunctions, its benevolent precepts, its consolatory promises, go to your slave who is now at work, and will bring them all back to your memory."

This reproof from so unexpected a quarter appalled the Mahometan convert: the religion he had abandoned, his country that he had deserted, his friends and kindred whom he had forsaken, rushed upon his mind: after having held several private conferences with Vincent, he formed a design of returning to Nice; and having bribed the master of a small vessel, he and Vincent happily escaped. His wife the year after attended some merchants to the fair annually held at Beaucaire, where her husband had agreed to meet her.

Vincent at his return to France was introduced to the illustrious family of Gondi in the neighbourhood of Chatillon: the Countess of Gondi, with a corresponding zeal, promoted every charitable scheme, and assisted Vincent with ample donations in his benevolent pursuits: by the means of generosity he instituted several female societies for the purpose of gratuitously attending the sick. In a few years were established on the estates belonging to the Count de Gondi thirty sodalities associated under the same benevolent direction. The fame of these institutes excited in several towns in Lorraine and Savoy an emulative desire of similar eetablishments: and it may be asserted with truth, that in many parts of Europe, at this day, the aged, the infirm, the sick, the dying, are visited, attended, relieved, consoled, in consequence of the active and ardent zeal which glowed in the breast of Vincent.

In the year 1629 he lost a valuable and powerful friend, the Cardinal of Berulle, who died while he was celebrating mass; on which circumstance the following lines were written:

"*Cæpta sub extremis nequeo dum sacra sacerdos*
Perficere, at saltem victima perficiam."

Vincent found it proper to introduce some new regulations respecting his charitable endowments. Married women formed a great part in every house that was dedicated to the attendance upon the sick: domestic concerns frequently required their presence at home; and, after the first fervour had subsided, inattention and neglect ensued. The pious founder therefore ordained, that for the future unmarried women only should be employed. This ordinance gave new vigour to his institution: a great number of young womenfree from matrimonial engagements presented themselves, and (after a year's noviceship) ascertained their services by a temporary vow. Vincent divided this holy sisterhood into little societies under the directien of an experienced person; these subdivisions were distributed over the province, to be in readiness to act whenever required. This was the commencement of that increasing association of the virgin daughters of charity (les filles de la charitee,) which at length, like a healthful stream, flowed through the whole Chatholic continent.

When I was in France, (says Mr. Jerningham) the year before the revolution, happening to be at Pontoise, near Paris, I expressed a curiosity to see the celebrated hospital of that town. The persons at whose house I had the honor of being a guest, offered to introduce me to the Prioress, who superintended that hospital: she received us with great affability, and observed to me that she well knew that London could boast of many stately establishmehts where the sick were gratuitously attended. She said that her nunnery was founded by St. Lewis in 1259: that since the days of St. Vincent it had been observed the regulations he had established. She conducted us through all the apartments: the hospital consisted of two galleries, one of which was destined for soldiers, the other for women. I recollect a circumstance that forcibly struck me at the time: while we were walking through a passage which led to the refectory, we heard some young women talking and laughing loud enough to engage our attention: when we entered the room we found four novices sitting at a table near the door, who immediately rose up: the Prioress addressed herself in particular to one of them, held some conference with her, and spoke to her in the most affectionate manner; she appeared to be about 18 years of age; her countenance (without being beautiful) expressed something peculiarly pleasing, and seemed irradiated with the gaiety of innocence.—When we returned, the Prioress said to us, "Did you not observe the novice with whom I entered into conversation? Poor girl! although she is informed of the severe trial she is to undergo this evening, it appears not to have subdued her accustomed cheerfulness: in an hour I am to attend her to the chapel, where I am to deliver a short exhortation previous to her entering upon office: I then am to give her my blessing, and to consign her to the solitary duty she is bound to perform." We asked her in what that duty consisted? She was silent, and appeared ruffled, and after a short pause, she replied, "Forgive my inattention; but this ceremony of initiation always distresses me: the function that novice is to perform this evening is to wash a corpse, and prepare it for burial, and to watch and pray by it through the remainder of the night."

The unabating numbers of these virgin daughters of charity who co-operated in a scheme to which duties of the most repulsive nature were annexed, is a circumstance that transcends all praise, and sets female excellence in a sublime point of view.

The founder of this extensive order of charity died 1660: he was buried in the church of St. Lazare in the neighbourhood of Paris; the following inscription is engraved on his tomb:

"Hic jacet venerabilis vir Vincentius a Paulo, fundator, seu institutor, et primus superior generalis congregationis missionis, necnon puellarum charitatis. Obiit die 27 Septembris, ætatis vero suæ 85."

MAXIM.

Children ought not to be impressed so much with the desire of pleasing, as with the fear of displeasing. We are frequently displeased without cause, only because we have been pleased without a reason.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 12.

Five Miles off, or the Finger Post (Dibdin) and Blue Beard.—Friday, Jan. 2.

.....

Fair Penitent (Rowe,) and Lodoiska. Monday, Jan. 5.

Hilarisque tamen cum pondere virtus.

The Fair Penitent is distinguished above all the productions of Rowe for harmony of diction and beauty of language. But while the *manner* of its expression is approved, the sentiments are neither remarkable for their force, nor commendable for their virtue. Neither can the piece claim much merit from fulness of incident, propriety of passion, or morality of fable. The character of Calista is by no means correspondent with the title of the play: she exhibits no signs of *penitence*, but to the conclusion is rather enraged at the *discovery*, than sorrowful at the *commission* of her crime. Lothario, the gay, the false Lothario is so much beloved for his courage and admired for his elegance, that he is not sufficiently detested for his seduction or despised for his boasting. Horatio is just, but not amiable; and while he makes a correct estimate of human nature in general, does not make such allowances for Altamont, as would become so clear a reasoner.

The conclusion drawn from the whole fable must be confessed to be moral; but it is a question whether in the conduct of the characters, the auditors are not on the whole more pleased than angry with the exhibition of the vices of Lothario and Calista, and more angry than pleased with the rigidity of Sciolto's virtue and the determined integrity of the stoical Horatio.

The last act as Doct. Johnson remarks, is not equal to either of the former; The whole story being told in the four first acts, the fifth is merely a recapitulation and confession of what has preceded it.

There are some astonishingly fine passages as well as scenes in the course of this piece, which when enforced by correct performance cannot fail of producing much rational enjoyment. The scene of Lothario and Horatio in the 2d scene of the 2d act, is not only the best in the play, but is probably the best which Rowe ever wrote, and will bear competition with almost any similar dialogue in English poetry. The dialogue in the 3d act between Horatio and Calista, is also conspicuously beautiful, Mrs. Siddons is much celebrated for her delineation of the mingled passions of pride, fear, anger and conscious guilt in this scene.

We shall be brief on the performance of this play; we should have been happy to have been authorized by its excellence to be more copious.

On Mr. Caulfield's Horatio, had he not been so intolerably imperfect in the part we should probably have been able to bestow much praise He gave some passages with true effect; but was in others deficient of propriety of emphasis—in the quarrel with Lothario, there was most glaring incorrectness. The quarrel began we knew not why, and ended we knew not wherefore. The truth is, the passages beginning as follows, were intirely omitted.

"The brave, tis true, do never shun the light, &c. *(five lines.)*

"Where was this open boldness &c. *(seven lines.)*

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We could quote more, as Mr. C. must very well know, but besides, he introduced some passages in *the wrong places*, so that had not the language itself been very spirited, the whole interest would have been entirely overthrown. These errors are the more inexcusable as Mr. Caulfield seems well adapted to the character and since we hear the representation of the play has been once deferred on his account.

Whether Mr. Fox is fairly to be charged with the same degree of inacuracy in Lothario, as Mr. Caulfield in Horatio, we cannot decide; the *absolute* deficiency of one would make an *apparent* deficiency in another. He was however imperfect in the garden scene with Calista in several passages. But the supreme defect of Mr. Fox, was the *misconception* of his part. He read the letter from Calista as badly as possible; it is a passage which requires nice discrimination. There is a spirit of irony and gaiety throughout this scene, which was changed, by this performer into formal gravity, and heed-

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less inactivity. The deportment of Mr. Fox in this wild character, in which

Love and war take turns like day & night,
Equal to both and arm'd for either field,

was by no means so elegan or so sprightly as the part evidently demanded.

Sciolto, was unquestionably very respectably sustained, in deportment, in utterance, and in force, by Mr. Usher. Mr. Poe was erroneous in the very first speech in his part; which was the opening of the play. And besides, his Altamont was so completely 'love-lorn,' he was not sufficiently heard, or generally understood.

While we acknowledge the great satisfaction we experienced in witnessing Mrs. Stanley's general personation of Calista, there were some of the passages expressive of grief, which were not agreably enforced, though her taunts to Horatio, and her undertones produced much excellent effect. Comedy however is *decidedly her forte.*

The part of Lavinia, which Mrs Usher performed, would not excite much interest by the most thorough personation; therefore much was not excited. We confess however we discovered some traits of discernment and strong apprehension in her utterance of some passages. Mrs. Dykes improves.

The play passed off tolerably well, notwithstanding the drawbacks we have made; this we believe arose from the disposition of the audience to be pleased, rather than from any peculiar excellence in the representation.

.....

The Miser, (taken from Plautus and Moliere by H. Fielding,) & the Sultan.

Wednesday, Jan. 7.

To-night our author treats you with Moliere;
Moliere, who natu e's inmost secrets knew;
Whose justest pen, like Kneller's pencil, drew; [*shewn,*
In whose strong scenes all characters are
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.

The present dramatical taste is rather for the sentimental and marvellous, than for nature and truth. Hence the Miser cannot claim much respect from the prevalence of opinion, or much support from the breath of popularity. Excepting his *Tartuffe*, the play under consideration contains more beauties than any other production of Moliere. The great success which it always has met with on the French stage, induced Fielding to translate and alter it for an English audience. How well he has adhered to the spirit of the original, the success of the piece in England will in some degree testify. Fielding was by no means fortunate in his own dramatic works; but in his translation of L'Avare, his endeavours were crowned with abundant success. It took possession of the stage at first, and has ever since preserved a respectable station. The story is natural; is regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; the business of the scene is constant and lively; the mind is never fatigued with interruption from vacuity of sentiment; but is irresistibly impelled from the opening to the close. There are some scenes of intrigue which would be lessons to greater personages, than the characters represented. The conflicting emotions of avarice and dotage in the character of Lovegold and the wiles and artful stories of Lappet, to work upon his feelings, evince a thorough knowledge of mankind and particularly all branches of the passion of avarice. The moral is just, and the consistency of Lovegold's character is maintained throughout. He is punished for all his doting fondness of Mariana, by the loss of his money; and although it afterwards reverts to his children, it is equally a punishment to his avarice, as if a stranger had obtained it.

There are few performances which have obtained more approbation from critic observers than that on this evening. There was none of that tumult of applause, which is the ebullition of high-wrought sensibility; but it was the praise of the accurate, discriminating few, for the nice touches of masterly conception.

Lovegold by Mr. Bernard, was a performance which equally evinced his judgment and his skill. There were many points of the part, which were embellishments of the original; but they gave it surprising effect. The bye-play was every thing we could have wished and more than we expected. The soliloquy after the robbery was very forcibly delivered, and generally it was a very great personation.

We are surprised that Mrs. Shaw could ever turn her attention to any other style of playing than that of Lap-

pet. The interest was most completely preserved by her; and the spirit and zest of the part were never wanting. We hope it may again be represented; if not in the course of the season, at least at the benefits.

Mrs. Poe in Mariana, was eminent in the first and second scenes. Mr. Poe, flashed some light upon his part now and then; at other times, he preserved his original obscurity. As a whole, it was respectable. Mr. Fox, as Ramilie, was sometimes accurate and forcible; but his jests wanted spirit and pungency. The other parts were variously performed.

We were much surprised as well as disappointed at the small auditory which attended the representation of so fine a comedy; but nothing will suit us it seems but boisterous wit, affected sensibility or magnificent phraseology. Poor human nature must always be in buskins.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Charles Grant's prize poem, on the Restoration of Learning in the East, was some time since the subject of desultory selection. As few copies have yet reached this country, unwilling that this gem should be born to blush unseen by the American votaries of taste and the muses, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of distributive justice in turning towards the eye of the public a few more of the points of attraction, that sparkle on its brilliant surface.

The poem opens with all the grandeur of the genius of the Ganges:

" With grief, who saw the future ages rise,
Dark with their sad and fearful destinies;
Mark'd *bleeding* Science *pinion'd to the ground,* [*round!*
And all her *blasted trophies withering*

Terror with daring hand has placed the following passage among the *permanent sublime* of English poetry. The fifth couplet has a bold figure well supported.

'Tis done. Lo, Persecution lifts from far [*than war,*
Her *streaming* fires, and *terrors worse*
Where *mystic* hymnings *awed* the *midnight* air,
Strange sounds, that *breathe* or that *inflict despair,*
Are heard. The despot, *thron'd in blood,* presides
O'er *havock's* work, and *all the ruin guides.*
As from the realms, that own stern *Yama's sway,
Some fierce Asura rushes to the day;
While *swift* his wheels *divide the deeps on high,* [him fly:
The clouds like *wreaths* of *foam,* around
Wide as he glares, his eye-balls scatter woe, [bow.
And *terror lightens* from his clanging

The conclusion of the character of Sir William Jones has the turn of Pope, and the point of poetry:

Philosopher, yet to no system tied;
Patriot, yet friend to all the world beside;
Ardent with temper and with judgment bold:
Firm, though not stern, and though correct, not cold;
Profound to reason, and to charm us gay;
Learn'd without pride, and not *too wise to pray.*

One extract further will close our selections from this poem, which gives such proofs of genius, we hope its author will soon rise to the dignity of the epic, model himself on Milton, borrow of the "ninefold spheres,"
Their "sleepless melodies of angel sounds."

" Is there, who knows how Love's soft thrillings burn,
When Hope, half dubious, whispers sweet return?
O'er the *flush'd* cheek what *sudden* blushes roll, [soul?
When *meeting* eyes confess the *mingling*

* Yama *in Oriental mythology is the Judge of Hell;* Asuras *are evil genii under his dominion.*

Is there, where anguish mourns a hopeless fire,
By sighs and tears consum'd of sad desire,
Tears of the heart, that *flow in secret* there,
And sighs, *just waked* and *smother'd* by despair.

We recommend Oriental literature to the lover of novelty. Writers may here find a fund for allusion, less hackneyed than the Grecian or Roman, and, since the days of JONES, not less classic. Judging from the production before us, we should think Hindoo mythology equally competent to supply the poet with images of beauty and all the glowing animation of the varied God.

Under the kings of the first dynasty the women shaved in France. On the wedding-day the wife was obliged to shave her husband, which was always stipulated in the marriage contract.

EPIGRAM.....*Woman.*

When man was made, God sent a *helper* to him;
And so she prov'd, for she help'd to *undo* him.

The following anecdote will serve to depict the character of M. Henault. The Queen happening to enter the apartment of the Dutchesse de ***, who was at that moment writing to the President, added some obliging expressions at the bottom of the letter, and, instead of her own signature, subscribed with the word "Devinez." The reply consisted of the following quatrain:

"Ces mots traces par une main divine
Ne m'ont cause que trouble et qu'embarras
C'est trop oser, si mon cœur les devine;
C'est etre ingrat, que ne deviner pas."

A lady of much good sense was told that her husband paid court to several handsome women. I don't care, replied she, if my husband sends his heart abroad all day, provided he brings it back to me at night.

THE RIDICULOUS USE OF TECHNICAL TERMS.

It is absurd to exhibit such a fondness of the terms of our profession, as to introduce them at all times and on all occasions; as the grammarian did before a new-married couple, wishing they might have children of the masculine, feminine, and neuter gender. Young men of the law, both counsellors and attornies, are very apt to make use of the terms of their profession, even in making love to their mistresses. I remember an epigram, that introduces a young barrister making love in the following terms to his fair one.

Tems est de pleurer et de rire,
Comme on disoit anciennement:
Ainsi vous avez beau me dire,
Je ne puis vous aimer *definitivement*;

There is a time to laugh and cry:
So says the proverb, so say I.
Demurring is an easy task,
A *noli prosequi* I ask.
Dear plantiff, I cannot obey
Your *summons* to Love's court to-day:
But be content, dear girl, as yet,
That to its *sentence* I'll submit:
And soon, in spite of all alarms,
I'll meet *confinement* in your arms.

A man of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with literature, said once, before Boileau, that he had rather be able to make a wig than to make a poem; adding—"What is the use of poetry, and what end does it answer?"—"This very circumstance," replied Boileau, "raises my admiration of poetry; that having nothing useful in it nevertheless it should be the delight of all men of talents and reputation."

Extracts from the "Miseries of Human Life."

—

MISERIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

After dinner, with a favourite party, when the cloth has been removed, and the wine of conversation, as well as of the bottle, is just beginning to brighten—seeing the door open, and a string of babies brought in, and carried round, to be caressed and admired, during the rest of the sitting;—an outrage from which there is not even a bye-law, or dead-letter statute, under our otherwise happy constitution, which will afford you the smallest redress.

Being applied to, time after time, by certain easy folks with short memories, for the loan of small sums, for the avowed purpose of making purchases which you painfully refuse to *yourself*, out of economy; or for the still more provoking purpose of making presents to their friends.

The comfort of being kept half an hour without your hat in a drizzling rain, while attending a *button-holder* to your gate.

Being drawn into an inflammatory dispute, while labouring under a no less inflammatory sore throat.

MISERIES DOMESTIC.

Getting up early in a cold gloomy morning, (quite enough already, you'll say; but that's not half of it.)—Getting up early in a cold gloomy morning, I say,—and on running down into the breakfast-room for warmth and comfort, finding chairs, tables, shovel, tongs and fender, huddled into the middle of the room—dust flying in all directions—carpet tossed backwards—floor newly washed—windows wide open—bees-wax, brush, and rubber in one corner—brooms, mops, and pails in another—and a dingy Drab on her knees, before an empty grate.

Squatting plump on an unsuspected cat in your chair.

Just as you finished dressing yourself more nicely than usual, to receive company at dinner,—creeping down into a dark, damp cellar for wine; and unexpectedly finding, from a sudden chill about the lower part of the leg, that you are going *by water*.

Vainly hunting, a thousand times over, in every corner, crook, and cranny of the house, for something you have lost;—till, at some future period, when you have long abandoned the pursuit, the truant article appears of its own accord.

Flapping at an expiring fire with an *asthmatic* pair of bellows.

Setting a razor on a sandy hone.

The handle of a *full* tea-cup coming off in your hand, as you are raising it to your mouth.

Shaving after a frosty walk, (when the face is pimpled, skin tender, and hand tremulous,) with cold pump water, hard brush, ropy soap, and a blunt razor. Likewise, shaving, with blister behind each of your ears.

Entering your watch at the wrong opening, when it instantly dives to your knee, where, for want of a lucky opertunity to extricate it, you continue to wear it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ordeal of this evening discovers much discrimination and critical skill, and maintains its claim to the high reputation former numbers have acquired. We very much regret that several typographical errors in the first part of our last impression should have inadvertently escaped us.

In the Lines on the death of Walter, our readers will discover the union of friendship and poetry. They are worthy an attentive perusal.

MARRIAGES.—At Barre, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Joseph Caldwell, mer. to Miss Mary Freeman.—At Dorchester, Mr. John Hawes, to Miss Lucinda Wheelock.——At Charlestown, Henry Adams, Esq. to Miss Susan Foster.—At Roxbury, Mr. Luther Parker, mer. of Boston, to Miss Sally Bucknam, of the former place.

In this town, Mr. Martin Beale, to Miss Elizabeth Larrabee; Mr. Charles Folks, to Miss Jane Christy; Mr. Simon Hastings to Miss Eliza M'Intosh; Mr. Benjamin Ingals, of Boston, to Miss Lydia Washburu, of Plymouth.

DEATHS.——At Charlestown, Mrs. Hepzebah Kettell, wife of Mr. Jonathan K. aged 41.

In this town, Mr. Joshua Pico, aged 73; widow Rebecca Flagg, aged 68; Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Anthony Otheman, aged 36; Ebenezer Storer, Esq. aged 77; Mrs. Hannah Ives, aged 79, wife of Mr. James Ivers, and only sister to the late Barlow Trecothick, Esq. of London.

POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF

ARTHUR MAYNARD WALTER.

O'ER yon new grave what spirit flits disturb'd?
Say, ARTHUR, is it thine? Sunk is that light,
Which gleam'd mild genius from thy house of clay?
Struck from within th' horizon is that orb,
Whose cheering beam could give both light and heat,
Could warm with friendship and with mind illume?
Lost to the vision of this little world,
Thou 'rt not extinguish'd from the firmament!
Stars, that scarce twinkle to the eye of earth,
Are SUNS to *other worlds;* and thy blest soul,
Unseen by us, above all stars may soar,
Bright'ning in progress to the highest heaven,
Destin'd to shine among th' unnumber'd lights,
That glow in glory round the throne of God.

NOR is this fancy or illusive dream.
Fiction would tremble to present her wand
To Grief, whose only solace is in Faith.
Then must th' Eternal Word begin to fail,
When its fulfilment can begin to cease.
It said in chaos, to this microcosm,
"Let there be reason," and lo, all was light!
Can, of this light an atom be extinct?
As to that atom then, the Word is void.
Instant th' Eternal must begin to die.
Truth has pronounc'd this reas'ning intellect
The inspiration of th' Almighty God.*
To give it being, heaven did less than speak;
It merely breath'd; and all its beauty bloom'd.†
It is eternal; 'tis the *breath* of HEAVEN;
It cannot die. When it is lost to us,
'Tis taken to its source. Heav'n draws its breath,
Inhaling only what it once exhal'd.

YET, spite of reason, must thy friends still weep.
Thine is no common death; their loss is great.
The weight of woe let Sympathy relieve.
There is a generosity in grief,
That shares its sorrows with a lib'ral hand,
However dear it holds them to its heart.
It ever scorns a selfishness in tears.
Than brother nearer, there survives a friend,
Now too remote from the green hallow'd turf,

* "*The inspiration of the Almighty hath given him understanding.*"
† "*God breathed into man the breath of life, and man became a living* SOUL."

That hides what late was Walter, t' have performed
The rites funereal to his obsequies.
He yet enjoys of ignorance the bliss.
Glowing with curiosity, knows not
Th' event, that gives him one more hope for heaven.
Share the tear of feeling; and, to sooth *his* grief,
Extend the sweet society of woe!

PERHAPS e'en now thy genius, B**********r,
Surveys the ruins, on which Walter gaz'd!
Perhaps thy heart bounds at the prospects vast,
That gave expansion to his "mighty mind"!
"There Walter rambled, and here Walter view'd."
Thou see'st the grand, the awful, and sublime,
That glow'd in his description, and that first
Kindled thy soul to rapture, and produc'd
The zeal to visit European climes!
Anticipation is comparing notes.
Perhaps thou now art sealing up thy soul
In sacred fold and superscrib'd to him;
Or at this moment meet'st him on the shore,
Hand to hand pressing at thy glad return!
No eye now lives to read that passion'd page,
The hand, thou'dst grasp, is dead.—Grant, gracious heaven!
It be not ominous! His life yet spare;
Alike by sorc'ress curiosity,
Tempted to other realms, in hope t' return,
More perfect to his own. O, let not both
But roam for treasures to enrich the grave!

AH, what avails exertion? What the toil
Of proud AMBITION, lab'ring to improve
The mind; to augment the dignity of man?
And what the zeal of STUDY, that would bring
Home to thy court, thou sov'reign MEMORY,
PRINCIPLES, antient of days; potentates
Born, from before the world, to inherit
Dominion universal; ordain'd to hold
The empire of the spheres; princes that sway
Creation; whom the elements obey;
Who "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm";
From heaven wrest its thunderbolt of vengeance:
Who grasp the lightning, and can guide its way?
What avails that mightier power, than these,
IMAGINATION, soaring beyond their bounds,
Who, not content with worlds on worlds in being,
Can ev'ry instant start a new creation?
But not exertion; not the utmost toil
Of proud AMBITION; not the zeal of STUDY,
Nor all the pageantry of MEM'RY's court,
Crowded by DILIGENCE with powers august,
Nor e'en IMAGINATION, all combin'd,

Could stay one moment the destroyer's hand,
That laid thy blooming prospects in the dust!

No marble honors mark thy sacred tomb,
For marble honors thou would'st blush to own!
No warrior grounds his arms upon thy turf,
Nor GLORY, screaming, rends high heaven for thee!
But at thy grave erect, stands PRINCIPLE,
Weeping a much lov'd son's untimely death.
And at the hillock, that o'erearths thy head,
Nestling in death, an *infant cherub* see,
The *rising hope* of JURISPRUDENCE blasted!
At evening, FRIENDSHIP, kneeling at thy sod,
Sighs to the air a fun'ral sacrifice.
Bramin affection there extends her form,
Deeming religion nature, loudly claims,
The envi'd privilege of common grave.

WHAT though thy wishes, as to earth, were vain?
What though INDUSTRY, night and day, had toil'd
To sink foundations, lasting, deep, and broad?
The faithful workman is remov'd far hence,
Before he raises scarce a single stone
Of superstructure. All is still not lost.
Darkness pavilions HIM, who look'd abroad
O'er all thy life approving: He beheld
The altar; saw the off'ring well matur'd.
Th' incense rose grateful; and thy Father's God
Bore in a cloud the sacrifice to heaven.

Jan'y. 5, 1807.

ON THE

HARP AND DESPAIR OF COWPER.

By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

SWEET Bard, whose tones great Milton might approve,
And Shakespeare, from high fancy's sphere,
Turning to the sound his ear,
Bend down a look of sympathy and love;
O swell the lyre again,
As in full accord it poured an angel's train!
But ah! what means that look aghast,
E'en while it seemed, in holy trance,
On scenes of bliss above to glance?
Was it a Fiend of Darkness pass'd!
Oh speak———
Paleness is upon his cheek,—
On his brow the big drops stand,
To airy vacancy
Points the dread silence of his eye,
And the lov'd lyre it falls, falls from his nerveless hand!

"Come peace of mind, delightful guest,
"O come and make thy downy nest
"Once more on his sad heart;"
Meek Faith, a drop of comfort shed;
Sweet Hope, support his aged head;
And Charity, avert the burning dart!
Fruitless the prayer—the night of deeper woes
Seems o'er the head, e'en now to close;
In vain the path of purity he trod,
In vain, in vain,
He pour'd from fancy's shell his sweetest hermit strain,
He has no hope on earth, forsake him not, O God.

Boston, (Mass.) Published
BY BELCHER & ARMSTRONG.
No. 70, State Street.